If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of Carrion fleſh, then to receive
Three thouſand Ducats: Ile not anſwer that,
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleaſd to give ten thouſand Ducats
To have it baind? what, are you anſwerd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat;
And others when the Bagpipe ſings ith noſe,
Cannot contain their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he a harmeleſſe neceſſary Cat:
Why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſute againſt him: are you anſwered?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt?

Iew. What would ſt thou have a Serpent ſting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you think you queſtion with the *Iew*,
You may as well go ſtand upon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his uſuall height,
You may as well uſe queſtion with the Woolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleat for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretten with the guſts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard
As ſeeke to ſoften that then which what's harder:
His Jewiſh heart? therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, uſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the *Iew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand Ducats here is ſix.

Iew. If every Ducat in ſix thouſand Ducats
Were in ſix parts; and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Iew. What judgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaſt ſlave,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them, ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why ſweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours, ſo do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh which I demaund of him
Is deerely bought, as mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for judgement, anſwer, ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Unleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day?

Sal. My Lord, here ſtayes without
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the Letters. Call the Meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*: what man, courage yet:
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones and all,